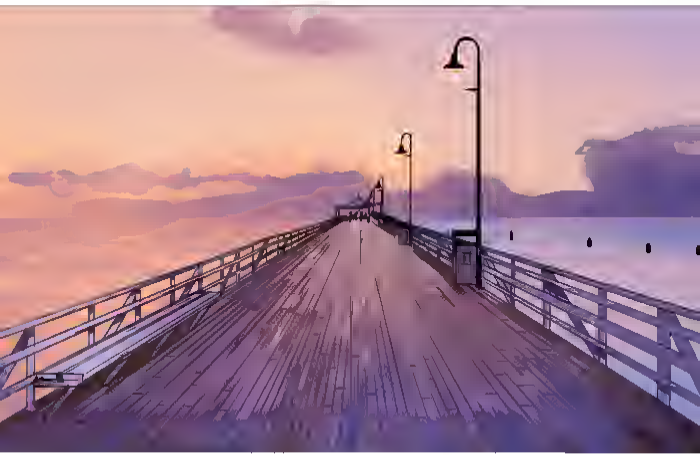
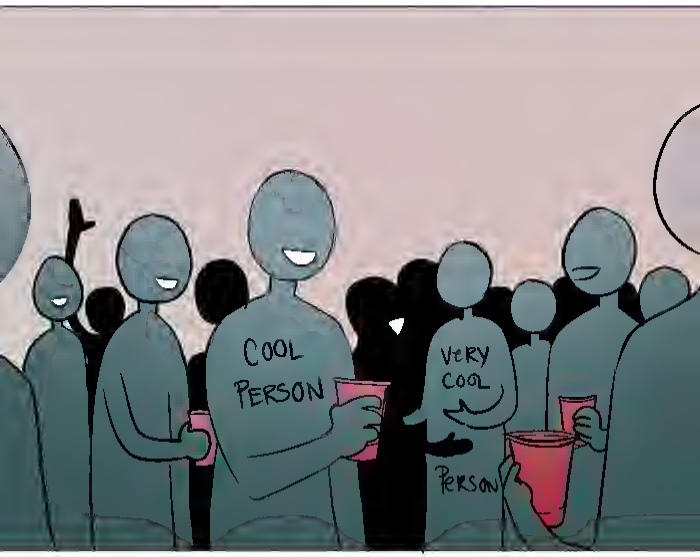
Debris

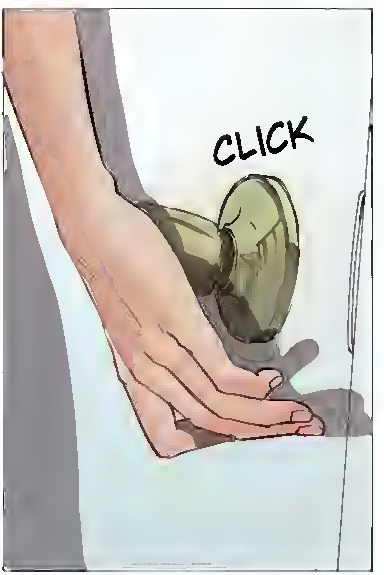
DOESN'T MATTER
WHERE I AM OR
WHERE I GO



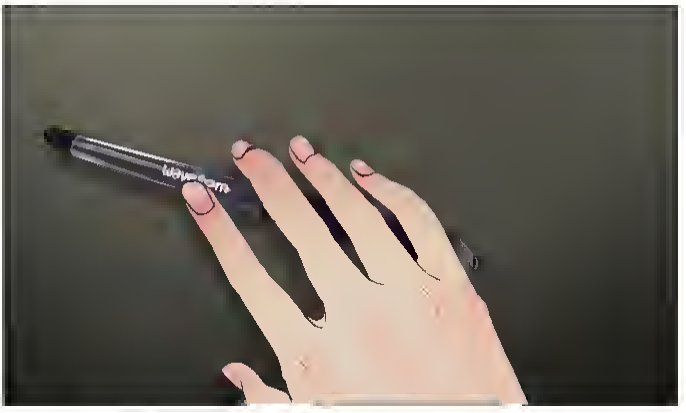
OR WHO I'M WITH



THE BEST PART OF
ANY TRIP IS...



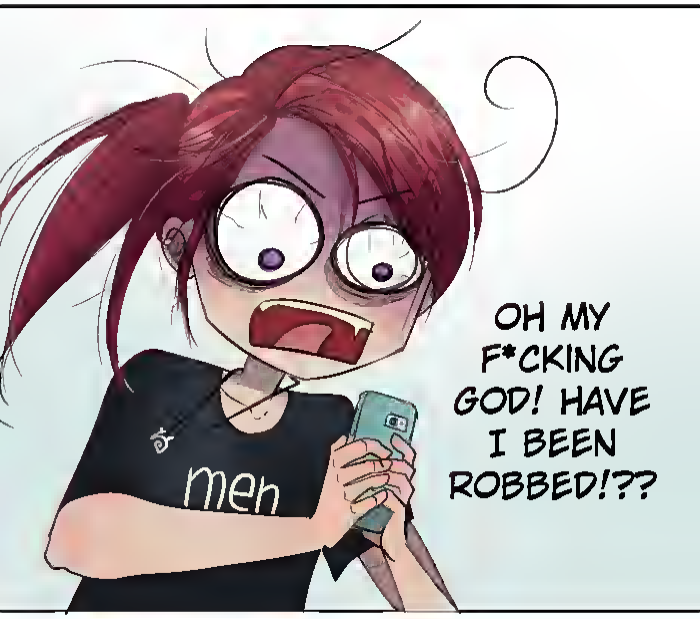
COMING HOME.

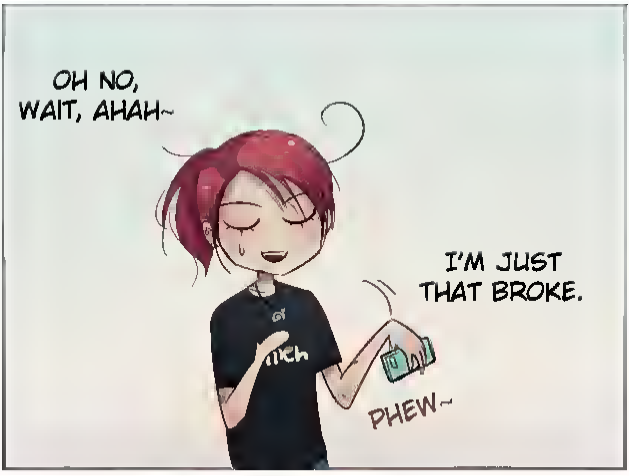


HOLDING YOU IN MY HAND.
meh

HOWEVER,

SOMETIMES I'D CHECK MY BANK ACCOUNT AND...





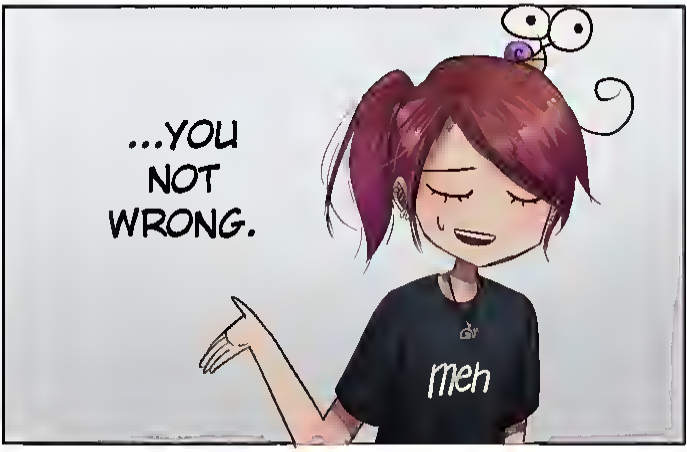
WAIT A MIN...

ANYWAYS, I LOVE WHAT I DO...

BUT SOMETIMES I'D STARE AT MY BANK ACCOUNT,

AND WONDER IF I'M CHOOSING THE RIGHT PATH.

YOU'RE A USELESS PIECE OF CRAP.
YOU HAVE A FEW MONTHS TO GET THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE.
MOM -->



OTHER PARENTS DRIVE THEIR KIDS OUT TO MEET ME AT CONVENTIONS. MEANWHILE, MY OWN MOTHER THINKS I'M A PIECE OF DEBRIS FOR WORKING SPORADICALLY DUE TO A HAND INJURY.

NO. THAT DOESN'T HURT. HAHAH. HAHAHA. HAHA—*cries*

ANYWAYS, I'M SAVING TO MOVE OUT.

AND RECONSIDERING MY CAREER CHOICES...

MAYBE.

SNAILORDS